

109 The News

Amelie watched as the bathtub filled with water, hot steam quickly filling the quiet bathroom along with the pleasant scent of the oils and bath salts mixed together into a calming harmony that enveloped her body like an invisible, comforting shawl. 1

She sat in the soothing hot water, carefully leaning against the round back of the white tub, and although her body had finally begun to relax, her mind was far from getting any rest.

Every time she closed her eyes, she saw the very same picture which seemed to be holding her brain hostage with its deadly grip while setting her flustered heart pounding loudly against her ribcage. 3

'He looked... stunning.'

Amelie felt hot blood rushing to her face once again and it wasn't the bathwater's fault. She had to slap her face several times to get rid of those unsettling thoughts, but alas, it was impossible.

Submerging half of her face under the soapy,

rose-scented water, Amelie closed her eyes and tried to think about what she saw in the annex building rationally but her mind refused to listen. The strangely curious woman in her took the lead.

But was it really that strange to be so impressed?

'I have noticed it before too; even underneath all those suits, it was impossible to ignore how very well he is built. So it seems he works out a lot...'

The dimmed soft light, outlining his body with perfectly angled shadows; the bulging muscles, swelling underneath his smooth skin from the intense workout; the glistening droplets of sweat, sliding down his face, neck, and chest, all the way down to...

Amelie opened her eyes and splashed her face with water.

She couldn't help it. Liam was already too handsome to turn her eyes away from him but now that she even saw his body... The entire body, even, she had to admit that in her eyes, he was no longer an ordinary man.



"I have never looked at anyone like this before. Richard was the only man for me my entire life and I was perfectly fine with him but now... I guess this is what it feels like to be truly attracted to someone; to actually desire someone... But he is five years younger than I am!" 3

Amelie shook her head and sighed. If only Liam knew what she was thinking about him, he would probably find her too weird. 2

"What?! The country's first smart technology tycoon?!"

Richard kept going over the unpublished internal article about Liam Bennett's new title but not even a single word made sense to him. His face deformed into an angry grimace while the tablet in his hands almost cracked under the pressure.

It wasn't only the title of a tycoon that the man received from the esteemed financial community--those were just empty words businessmen threw at one another whenever their financial reports looked better than the last ones.

Sure, it was different when the leading financial communities did that but the title itself didn't mean a thing.

What stunned him the most, was the second to last, yet the most important sentence at the end of the article in question.

'At this point, Liam Bennett is now the wealthiest person in the country, moving ahead of both Josh Malone, the diamond tycoon, and Simon Cornwell, the CEO of Cornwell Healthcare Innovations.'

The man gritted his teeth in irritation and moved his dark brown eyes to the next line of the article.

'Now married again, Amelie Bennett becomes the wealthiest woman by marriage, having received an astonishing thirty-five percent of Diamond Group's shares which makes her an equal owner of the corporation along with her husband, pushing down Oscar Bennett himself to the position of a shareholder instead.' 2

Richard's hands tightened into fists as he dropped the tablet on the desk, his eyes flaring up with absolute rage.



"Ron," he almost growled through his teeth, "Step outside and wait until I call you again."

His assistant nodded and dashed out of the office; he knew better than anyone what it meant to witness his boss' rage firsthand.

As soon as the door behind Ron's back closed, Richard grabbed the tablet and smashed it against the wall behind him, heaving and puffing in his face as he watched the thin black device crush before his eyes. 3

The whirlwind of emotions was boiling him from within.

'What now? The wealthiest woman in the country because she married that moron? And to pay for that article just to spite me, huh?' 3

A nervous smirk appeared on Richard's face and he heavily fell into his leather chair, sweeping his messy hair backward in one irritated movement.

'A fucking tycoon! After the way he hustled me out of my investments and even dared to demand a hotel to cover the crimes that he himself dragged me into! Emerald Hotel, of

course... They must have been planning this whole charade from the moment they met or even earlier, otherwise, why would a fucking tycoon want that stupid hotel!"

Richard closed his eyes and crossed his arms in front of his chest; this position brought him a tiny relief which prevented him from breaking something else.

"That's why she was not so worried when she met Samantha... And that is definitely why she agreed to divorce me without putting up a fight for her inheritance and assets. Why would she bother? She was already holding a bigger fish in her hands after all!" 4

Indeed, it was utterly annoying. The selfless and devoted Amelie raised by his mother has been a wolf in a sheep's disguise all along. She was greedy and opportunistic. All she wanted was more money and she knew exactly where to find it.

His jaw tensed again and he winced from the pain it caused him.

'No, I can't simply let it slide. I will make her regret it. I will make her regret turning her back

on me and scheming against me and my company with that sly moron Liam Bennett.' 4

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Dear readers, I am pleased to announce that this novel has won a Silver Prize in last month's Cupid's Quill writing contest! To celebrate this, the prices ...

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Creator's Thoughts